

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC. MAGAZINE



FIFTH ST. LOUIS HORSE SHOW TO BE THE MOST NOTABLE EVER GIVEN.

WHAT MEN SHOULD WEAR AT THE HORSE SHOW.

AFTERNOON.

Frock coat, striped trousers, not too light.
White Ascot tie, with a stick pin, which may be a horseshoe pin.
Tan gloves.
Fancy vest or a vest of the same goods as the coat.
Silk hat.
Patent-leather shoes.
Cane of goodly proportions. A cane with an animal head ornament would be appropriate.

EVENING.

Full evening dress, with a silk hat instead of the opera hat.
White vest, white tie.
White gloves.
Patent-leather shoes.
Chesterfield or paddock overcoat.

Don'ts in Men's Dress at the Horse Show.

DON'T wear a Tuxedo coat.
DON'T wear a turndown collar.
DON'T fail to have braided down the sides of your evening dress trousers.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Society makes the Horse Show. Nobody will gainsay that fact. Without pretty women in their gayest trappings, without men of form and fashion to wear their most immaculate evening clothes, cut after the latest models; without all the jollity and frivolity incident to box parties, prefaced by dinners and followed by dainty little suppers served at the downtown cafes with all the decorative effects that the white and green can furnish—without all this the St. Louis annual Horse Show, or any other, would be as naught.

Each season there is more and more effort put forward by the women of society to make their nightly appearances in boxes and on the broad promenade, one of interest and pleasure for the onlooker. This year, which marks the fifth for St. Louis, will not be a whit behind the others in respect to elaborateness, and in all likelihood will develop into the most brilliant that the town has ever seen.

The demand for boxes has never been more strenuous, particularly for opening and for Friday night. With a formidable rival to-morrow in the Melba concert there will nevertheless be a display of splendid gowns and a parade of handsome women that will make the eyes of the visitor within our gates bulge with envy, admiration and excitement.

MAYOR WELLS WILL AGAIN ATTEND.

Mayor Wells will have a box as usual. Mrs. Wells, always carefully and handsomely gowned, will appear on several evenings during the week, entertaining intimate friends, usually several married couples who enjoy the show.

President David R. Francis of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, has always evinced warm interest in the Horse Show, in which his sons, ardent sportsmen, share. Mrs. Francis will undoubtedly present herself on some of the evenings of the week, and her daughters-in-law, Mrs. Perry Francis, who was the beautiful Mimi Smith,

and Mrs. David R. Francis, Jr., a very smart and stately young matron, who is rapidly becoming a great social favorite, will also appear in their newest and most effective costumes.

The Harrison Drummonds are back to town again, after a year's residence in the East, and right gladly are they being welcomed, especially at this time when their well-known Horse Show interest adds much to the spirit of the week. Mrs. Drummond may be counted on to wear some markedly handsome toilet, and society is eagerly anticipating her entrance into the box on each night. She invariably surrounds herself with gay parties, occasionally some visiting friends from the East; though more often some of her St. Louis relatives. Mr. and Mrs. John Drummond will also be much in evidence. Mrs. Drummond, an exceedingly pretty young matron, doubtless wearing white, for which she has a marked predilection. It is unusually becoming, to her dark hair and brilliant brown eyes.

MR. DRUMMOND ONE OF THE BEST-DRESSED MEN.

James T. Drummond, "never more than twenty minutes behind the styles of London," as one of his friends laughingly says, is confidently expected to show St. Louis men what to wear during a Horse Show and how to wear it. He is considered one of the best-dressed men in town, if not the leader par excellence, on the question of men's attire; and being admirably proportioned and extremely good-looking as to feature, he is always a target for the eyes of strangers and townspeople alike. Mr. Drummond never makes a faux pas in dress, and his attire really should be carefully studied and tabulated several weeks before the show and placed on record in the public prints, in order that those

young men who delight, through ignorance or else deliberate intention, to present themselves in bizarre effects like pea-green waistcoats and flaming scarlet ties, with eccentric hats and queer combinations of Tuxedo coats and tan shoes might read, mark, inwardly digest and outwardly imitate. Mr. Drummond, being a modest gentleman, might not relish such publication, but there is no doubt of the good that it would do.

The men usually make more sartorial blunders than the women at the Horse Show. Only one or two low-necked gowns have ever been chronicled at the Coliseum during the first week in November, and fewer uncovered heads in which reposed sparkling aigrettes or ostrich plumes.

The Paul Brown box is always remarked for its elegance and its social interest. Mrs. Brown, attired in a creation that differs nightly, gathers about her a party of gayly dressed ladies who enjoy the show and who mingle with the promenade throng.

Mrs. Dan C. Nugent is another well-gowned matron and always adds eclat to the box where she sits. The Byron

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C.M. BIGGERS